

Yorgos Ntovas

Claire, Erica and Cleo

An erotic, social novel



Claire, Erica and Cleo



[Subscribe to Yorgos Books Info List](https://homoastralis.org)
[Claim your free eBooks!!](https://homoastralis.org)

AUTHOR: Yorgos Ntovas

TRANSLATOR: Artemis

COVER DESIGN: Antigoni Chryssanthopoulou – Yorgos Ntovas

ELECTRONIC PAGING: Yorgos Ntovas

Not recommended for minors

Publication: Athens, Greece February 2018

© Copyright 2015-2018

By Yorgos Ntovas

author@homoastralis.org

<https://homoastralis.org/yorgosbooks.htm>

<https://www.facebook.com/YorgosBooks/>

Originally was written in Greek

English Translation by Artemis

All rights reserved, including the reproduction of the contents or any portion of this book by any means, electronic or not.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any manner whatsoever without the prior written consent of the author. All characters and events described in this book are fictitious and any resemblance to real persons, living or dead is purely coincidental.

Yorgos Ntovas

Claire, Erica and Cleo

English Tranlation
Artemis

Preview

An erotic, social novel



About the Author

Yorgos Ntovas was born in Volos, Greece.

He studied Electronics and Computer Science.

He is an I.T. and Communications Consultant, Books and Theatrical Texts Author, Scripts Writer and Paranormal Phenomena Investigator.

He creates Digital Artworks and writes various strange or not, books.

He has written in Greek the books, Claire – Erica – Cleo (Trilogy), Eleni & Menelaos, A Rainy Afternoon and Many Sunny Days, The Publisher, Attempt of Rape, 4 Erotic Stories, Renaissance, The Politician, Herma, The Bride.

The first book of the trilogy “Claire – Erica – Cleo”, “A Rainy Afternoon and Many Sunny Days” and “Eleni and Menelaos”, have been translated into English and are available worldwide.

Yorgos Ntovas speaks English, French and German and lives and works in Athens, Greece.

Web: <https://homoastralis.org>

email: author@homoastralis.org

Contents

1. Monday – Claire!	7
---------------------------	---

1. Monday – Claire!

It was a beautiful spring morning in Glyfada. Kostas had gone to the market in order to buy some printer paper.

As usual, he had succumbed to his thoughts. Things were not looking good for him lately. Being unemployed for the last six months had left him completely out of cash. He had delayed rentals for his apartment, not to mention his current bills. He also owed communal expenses for four months and was basically borrowing money from his mother. He had sent his curriculum vitae to a bunch of companies but due to the economic crisis and his advanced age - he was 48 years old already- his future looked grim. His only hope was that his great experience would compensate.

Nevertheless, he wasn't going to give up that easily. Nothing was lost just yet. This morning, he was called to send his CV to another two companies which were located in Glyfada. It was then, when he realized that he was out of printer paper, so he drove his car to the market in order to find a bookstore. Luckily, he found a good spot to park his car and he headed to the bookstore on foot. The weather was nice. It was MidMay, typical spring like weather. It was sunny and pleasant with a soft southern breeze that carried the smell of the sea. He walked for a while and felt better immediately.

There was a big bookstore in the town center. He got his printer paper and returned to his car. It was still quite early, but he had to go home to prepare himself for his meetings. At that particular moment, he couldn't have imagined that a few meters ahead, a completely random encounter would change his whole life.

He had almost reached his car when he suddenly heard someone calling his name. He turned and saw an old colleague from a technology Company he used to work for, four years ago. His memories from that period weren't at all

pleasant. He held a significant position and lots of future prospects in this company. However, some executives didn't like him at all and were planning to get rid of him. When they had the chance, they set him up and dragged him in a situation he couldn't escape from. The setup was very well planned and resulted in him being responsible for an affair he was completely unaware of. Some of his colleagues realized he had nothing to do with this and decided to help. Although they succeeded, he lost his job, nonetheless. The man who called his name was one of those who had helped him back then. They kept in touch for about a year, mostly by calling each other every now and then. Then, he changed his mobile number and they lost touch.

He smiled and walked towards his ex-colleague.

"Greeting Kostas. How are you?"

"Very well. And you?"

"Fine. You know, I've been looking for you since before Christmas but you have changed your number, you moved out and I couldn't contact you. I asked some of our common acquaintances but they also hadn't heard from you."

"I'm sorry...I had no idea that you were looking for me. Truth is that I have been through a lot lately, many changes occurred in my life and unfortunately not for the best. Things are not going that well. In fact, everything went wrong. Anyway, how are you?"

"Well, I'm fine. There is something I want to talk to you about. I think you will be interested and it can also help you. Do you have some time to talk?"

"To be honest, I have some meetings this afternoon. I have applied for a job, but it's not something special or certain even. If what you have to offer is better, I can always postpone them."

"In my opinion, what I have to offer you is indeed much better than an uncertain partnership. If you can postpone your meetings, I'd advise you to do so."

“Ok then. I’ll have to go home to make some phone calls and then I’m all yours.”

“Great. Let’s go to your place so you can make your phone calls and leave your car and then we can leave. Let’s discuss it over lunch, how about that?”

“Sure. Follow me; my place is not very far from here.”

He got into his car and drove home. Dimitris, his old colleague, followed him. He was intrigued by what Dimitris had told him. What could have possibly wanted him to do? He was certain that it had nothing to do with his old job. Last time they talked, he mentioned he wanted to leave. He also confided that he had to deal with some family matters concerning his uncle. Then they lost touch and he hadn’t heard from him.

They got home; he made his calls and politely asked for a postponement of his meetings giving as a pretext that something urgent had occurred. Dimitris suggested they go to his place in Voula in order to discuss the matter without anyone disturbing them.

His house was located to Voula’s best location, right next to the Asclepio Hospital. It was a large and very beautiful two floored Villa with a spacious lot filled with trees. It had a large pool and most spaces were covered in lawn.

“Such a beautiful day today. Would you like us to sit by the pool?”

He nodded. Why not, after all.

“How long has it been? 3 or 4 years?”

“More or less.”

“So, tell me about your latest news.”

“I’d rather hear yours first. I’m pretty sure they are way more pleasant.”

“Well, do you remember the time when I was telling you that I was planning to leave the company because I had to deal with some matters concerning my uncle? I indeed left back then. My uncle got severely ill and asked me to take

care of his daughter, my cousin. She was twenty years old then. She is not that bright and my uncle was afraid that should anything happen to him, she would be in trouble. Her mother had died when she was four and he raised her with a nanny's help. My uncle had a lot of money. He gave me this house and also provided me with an adequate annual income. Thus, I gave up my job and attended to his affairs. My main concern is my cousin, though. Two years ago, my uncle's health declined and he died eventually. My cousin was devastated. She turned in on herself, she wouldn't go out at all and all in all it took her quite some time to accept and get over it. She has always been quite shy and reclusive. She is a very nice girl however, very pretty and also kind and caring. Ever since the events, my only concern is to help her and protect her interests. I plan to follow a course of action for that matter and this is why I'm asking for your help. I understand this is a lot to ask from you but if you accept, you will solve your problems once and for all and you will live a comfortable and bountiful life."

"All this sounds lovely but also quite strange. Why did you pick me? Why are you telling me all this?"

"Let me explain. I've been thinking a lot this last year. I analyzed the situation, some additional events occurred which are still in development and eventually led me into planning a course of action. For that, I need a trustworthy person, someone that I know well enough, someone with great experience in life and in business, someone organizational, who can make decisions fast, someone insightful, the type of person who builds and develops and not the type who destroys. I considered all my friends and acquaintances and ended up in two. One of them is you. The other one is a friend of mine who has a family and lives in Belgium. Out of the question, of course. So, you were my only option and this is why I was trying to contact you. Since I failed to find you at first, I decided to do a more thorough research. And

all of a sudden, today I bumped into you. Such a good timing, indeed. However, before I fill you in with the details, would you like to tell me your news?”

«With pleasure. First of all, I want to thank you for your preference and concern. After my disgraceful and dramatic departure from the company, everything took a turn for the worse. Everything seems to be going wrong. Let’s start from the very beginning, though. I was married, remember?”

“Yes, indeed. You are right. What happened to your wife?”

“Ex-wife. She never believed that they set me up. When I was forced to leave the company, due to the circumstances, I ended up being unemployed for a while and we became financially stretched. Later on, I found a job in another company; however it didn’t go too well. I was getting paid for the first few months but then they stopped paying. They ended up owing me loads of money. I even brought them before a court but since they had bankrupted, I got nothing. My wife could not tolerate this any longer. She announced me that she was no longer willing to support me and asked for a divorce. We immediately proceeded to a consensual divorce which was finalized two months ago. So, here I am! Unemployed completely broke, divorced and overdrawn. Such an image, huh!”

“No doubt, you’ve been through a lot. You should know though, there is not only one side in every incident. Take for example, your ex-wife. If you weren’t divorced right now, I couldn’t have offered you all this. To be completely honest, I totally forgot you were married.”

“So, what exactly you want to suggest?”

“It’s a course of multiple actions. We are talking about legal action and for a good cause. However, they should occur in a specific order. If we come to an agreement, I will suggest a different step each time. Depending on the outcome, we will proceed to the next step. If you agree, I will immediately transfer enough cash into your bank accounts for your

current expenses. Apart from your banks accounts in the Greek banks, I will open you an account in a foreign bank and transfer a very generous sum there. You do have bank accounts, right?"

"I do have bank accounts in all four systemic Greek banks. What I don't have is money!"

"Money is the only problem we don't have. To summarize then, you are available, divorced and broke."

"That's the right way to put it."

"So, here is the first step. Before everything else, I want to secure my cousin. As I told you before, she is twenty four years old. Her birthday is actually in two days from now. She is very pretty, kind and caring. She is beginning to recover from the loss of her father the last semester. She has never formed a relationship and has close to no friends. She hasn't gone to college, only high school. She isn't very bright but she isn't dumb either. She is a fast learner, she listens, and she isn't stubborn, overblown or selfish. I believe that if she finds the right partner she will become a wonderful wife. On the other hand though, she can also be a wonderful exploitation victim. This is exactly what I'm afraid of. Another remarkable issue is her overall appearance. She was normal until the age of eighteen. After all she has been through and the unfortunate loss of her father, she gained some weight. Not to an extreme degree but still quite some. I consulted a few doctors and they told me that with the right treatment, it is relatively easy to recover and maybe even improve. A necessary factor is her mental condition. She consulted a good psychologist who analyzed her personality and he suggested that she needs a good companion in order to cover the gap from the loss of her father and also her emotional needs. Let's not forget that she is twenty four already and she never had any sexual contact. Since her birthday is in two days, I would like to offer her the ultimate gift. A companion!"

"And you want me to play this part?"

"Exactly. If you agree, of course, we will plan our course of action together, as well as the exact order and execution so we can achieve her approval."

"Wait a minute. Can you please explain what exactly you want from me?"

"I want you to approach her, flatter her, fascinate her, seduce her. I want you to become her lover, her fiancé, her husband and finally the companion she deserves. And all of the above with that specific order."

"Let's say, I agree to do all this. How can you be so sure that she will like me, accept my love, let alone marry me. I'm not in my youth anymore and from my experience, feelings rarely follow any schedule. There is also the chemistry factor. We may as well not match."

"You have a point, but you are not completely right. The skill of seduction relies on certain principles. Don't forget she is innocent and has no experience at all. On the contrary, we are experienced, and she trusts me completely. She always listens to my suggestions without questioning. We can always hatch an initial "seduction plan", carry it out and if it works, we proceed. If you have no chemistry at all and it's not working out, then we don't. In either case, if you agree, we will work together anyway. Even if the plan with Erica doesn't succeed, we will still work together. Either way, I could use a trustworthy partner."

"So, her name is Erica. Do you have any pictures of her?"

"Sure. Let me get my Notebook."

Dimitris walked away to fetch his portable computer. Kostas had some time to order his thoughts. What Dimitris suggested seemed unreal. To seduce an innocent girl and marry her. And then what? What would happen next when he would become a member of their family? What was the catch? The price he would pay. And lastly, the fundamental question. Could he do it? So far, all his relationships were

based on feelings. Passionate most of the times. One of his particularities was that he was picky and would refuse to make love to women he didn't have feelings for. Not to mention that he always had a natural aversion for fat women. On the other hand, all these relationships had failed. His last one was with his wife. Suddenly, it occurred to him that eight years had passed since the last time he flirted with a woman and three years since the last time he had sex. The mere thought frightened him. After the divorce, sex was the last thing to cross his mind. He was too focused on his other problems and had no time for that.

Dimitris returned with his Notebook and his thoughts were interrupted.

"I will show you some of Erica's pictures, so you can see how she looked like before and how she looks like today. In these ones, she is sixteen. These are from our vacation in Santorini. We have origins from Santorini, you see, and we own some property. My uncle owns an amazing Villa by the sea. Here is Erica at the age of eighteen. Isn't she beautiful?"

She was indeed a very pretty girl. Not very tall but not short either. Should be around 1,70m tall. She had a nice body. Her breasts were big and erect. Way bigger than normal, actually. He always liked big breasts. But her best feature was her face. She was unusually mellow, had a childlike innocence and a very sweet smile. It was one of the prettiest and kindest faces he had ever seen.

"You were right. She is indeed very beautiful."

"And here is when she started to change. She is twenty years old in those pictures. My uncle's health had started to decline. Can you see the difference? Her face is gloomy and she gained some weight. These ones are after the funeral. And the last ones are from the present, right before Christmas. Those are the worst ones. But she is starting to improve lately. At least she isn't wearing black anymore. So, what do you think?"

"You do realize that what you ask of me is – I can't find the right words to put it. Unusual in the least. After my divorce, I didn't have any kind of contact with the opposite sex."

"I understand that it sounds unusual to you. And it is, I guess. But trust me; it is indeed for a good cause. On the one hand, I cannot see her like this, and on the other hand, I cannot risk someone dishonest to seduce her. It will be disastrous for her. Since she is unexperienced, she will never get over it. As for your part, this will be a solution to your problems, too. After all, your passionate relationships didn't end well for you at all, am I right?"

"You have a point. Let's say that, hypothetically, I agree. Have you considered how will we proceed?"

"I have some ideas. Before we continue though, it's almost afternoon and we haven't had anything to eat yet. Would you like to continue our discussion over lunch?"

"This is a very delicate issue and I don't think we should discuss it in public. We could order something and eat it here, though."

"I agree. Do you like Chinese food?"

"Sure."

"I know a good Chinese restaurant in Glyfada. We could order and then go pick it up. That way, we can walk and stretch ourselves."

"Good idea. I have no objection."

They ordered and continued their discussion on random topics without addressing the main issue. Sometime later, they went out, walked to the restaurant and returned home. Chinese food is light and you can eat as much as you want. Its disadvantage though is that you feel hungry again after a while. They had lunch and continued their discussion.

"And now I'll let you know about my plan in general terms. We will go through the details later. At first, I'll tell Erica about you. I'll present you as an old friend and col-

league who has seen her once and was impressed. I met you out of the blue, we chatted, you told me about your problems – although, I’m not going to refer to your divorce and such but rather generally talk about family issues. I’ll let her know that I also discussed about our own issues, that I mentioned her birthday and you suggested to take her out to dinner, celebrate and have fun together.”

“And will she accept?”

“Don’t worry, I have my ways. We will just deploy what most women want. Before I carry on, let me reassure you that money is not an issue. I’ll cover all your expenses. I’ll get her all dressed up and we’ll book a table at a luxurious restaurant. We’ll buy a birthday cake as well. You will rent a limousine, get her flowers and a box of chocolates and pick her up.”

“Wait a second...aren’t we going over the top?”

“Nope. I know her well. I have seen what kind of books she is reading and regardless of what they say, all women love such things. At dinner, you will be polite - but not repulsive - and when you discuss with her, avoid mentioning your problems but rather go into your interests and more pleasant subjects. Don’t mention your ex-wife, your divorce and stuff like that. You are experienced enough, so I trust you can control the conversation. The point is to impress her and get her to trust you. After a couple of hours, you’ll take her home. At home she will be alone. So if she invites you in, accept politely, send the limousine away and follow her. If not, thank her for the lovely night and leave. I clarify that it will be an achievement if she invites you to her place. She rarely does that and she invites only her friends. In any case, you will proceed with caution. Remember – you should always be polite, kind and never aggressive. Like I said, she is smart enough. Experience is what she lacks. Don’t forget, she is a woman and women are complicated. They love delusions. For most cases, you have to make them believe they

have the upper hand. If you manage to awaken her libido too, you might get lucky that night."

"And do we want it? Ain't too early for that, I mean?"

"It depends. If she develops feelings for you and you manage to awaken her sexuality then I'd say it will be appropriate. Else, she might take it as a rejection and then other issues may rise."

"Can I ask you a personal question that I have in mind all this time?"

"Be my guest."

"If anyone would hear you talk about Erica without knowing that you are related, he would easily assume that you are in love with her."

"Well, you are not mistaken. I'm not in love with her of course but we've grown up together. I've played the older brother part, plus there was a connection and we understood each other. Those last years, our bond grew stronger due to the recent events. Now I play the father's part as well. This is another reason she needs to find someone. If I let her attach herself to me more than she already has, we might have a serious problem in the future. The psychologist shared the same concern. Anything else you wanted to ask?"

"Not for now. I must admit, your proposal is very tempting. However, we need to agree on certain things."

"Which are?"

"First of all, we'll never let Erica know that all this was your plan. Should she find out, she will never trust any of us again. Therefore, we all lose."

"That goes without saying."

"You will always be honest with me. If you can't, better say nothing. I also want to believe that your motives are pure and you care mostly for Erica's best interest and not yours. I want her to be your first priority."

"I'm glad to hear that. It means Erica becomes your first priority too."

“That’s how it is. I would never want an innocent girl like her to interfere in such dangerous games. She does not have the means neither to handle nor to cope with that. It will result on her being hurt so it is our duty to protect her. You are doing that already all these years after all, right?”

“Exactly. Anything else?”

“Supposing, I accept. She likes me, I seduce her and I eventually sleep with her. What if she likes that and wants more from me? What will be the next step? If you can reveal it to me, of course.”

“Our first goal is to boost her self-esteem so she can become herself again. She must immediately proceed with losing weight and all that goes with it. It shouldn’t be too hard with you encouraging her. Then we should make the necessary preparations in order to formalize your relationship. It is very important that you get married by midsummer. I cannot reveal the reason yet, but when the time will come, you will understand and agree with me. You need to engage the soonest possible and plan the wedding.”

“I see. How much time do I have to think about it?”

“Next to no time. Bear in mind that her birthday is in two days from now. She is already depressed because of that, it happens to almost all women, you see. I would like your answer by tomorrow morning. Take this time to think it over, explore the possibilities and reach to a decision. Furthermore, since I know you are in a tough financial situation, allow me to offer you a small gift regardless of your final decision. This will definitely minimize your stress. Give me a second.”

Dimitris got up and went inside the house. Few minutes later he came back, holding an envelope.

“Some cash to cover your dire needs. Accept it as a token of friendship and gratitude and for hearing me out.”

Kostas took the envelope muttering “thank you”.

He stayed at Dimitris's place for a little while longer and chatted mostly about the time they used to be colleagues.

The sun had started to set when Kostas decided to leave. Dimitris offered to drive him home and he didn't oppose to him since it was hard to get a taxi in this area.

The first thing he did, when he got home was to check the contents of the envelope. It was filled with 50 and 100 euro bills. There was 3.000 euros in total. *Is this supposed to be "some cash",* he thought. *Then what does he consider "a lot of cash" ?*

He sat on his couch and tried to organize his thoughts. He wanted to decode Dimitris's offer.

What is he suggesting? he thought. *To seduce his cousin in order to marry her. Why? Apparently because she is the sole heiress of his uncle's fortune. And judging from what I saw, this must be an immense fortune. He doesn't want his cousin to get involved with someone else because he won't be able to control him. In other words he believes he can control me. To what degree? Am I willing to become his duteous tool? This is something I have to clarify.*

And on top of it, why must the wedding occur by midsummer? Probably because the advancements are scheduled and in order to be controlled, Erica needs to be married. It seems there are also enterprises. If Erica is the heiress, she should be the one to run them. However, she doesn't look capable of that.

And from what he understood, even Dimitris is involved in this.

Maybe Erica's father didn't trust him as much as he declares. A husband though, let alone an experienced one when it comes to enterprises and management could surely do it.

He recalled Dimitris's words when he asked why he chose him. *Among many things he mentioned someone experienced both in life and business, organizational and quick at making decisions. This was it, then. Not to mention someone*

who could be controlled by him, even in a good way. He should consider his attitude towards Dimitris very carefully, in case he decided to accept his offer.

But the real question was Erica. She was a very beautiful girl for sure. She did have some extra weight but this issue could be solved fast and easily. If she was indeed exactly as he described her, then she would be a piece of work and wouldn't cause him any problems. Is this the case, however? Or he made her sound ideal on purpose? And what about her age? She is only twenty four. Merely half his age. Then it occurred to him, that when he met his wife for the first time she was also twenty four. And look how they ended up. Regardless of Erica's reaction, could he function with her?

The last time he had sex with someone was three years ago. How was he supposed to have sex with a twenty four year old virgin? The idea worried him. He might be experienced with women, but all his previous partners were also experienced. Even when he hooked up with a seventeen year old girl (he didn't know her age then), she had proven to be more experienced than him. So, how would he treat a virgin? Could he function? How would she react? Would he cope? All these thoughts were scaring him.

He tried to focus on the positive points. For example, if he handled that well, he would solve his financial problem. If he connected with Erica and could mold her, he would end up with a beautiful and desirable wife. He brought her photos to his mind. Apart from her gorgeous face and amazing breasts, she had a great body at the age of eighteen. She had potential. All he had to do was persuade her to visit a weight loss center and follow a specific diet. Technology does wonders nowadays. Since money wasn't an issue in this family, success was granted. Another thing that bothered him was her sexual performance. Was it possible that she would sexually awaken or she would become a cold and prissy partner who would just spread her legs wide open

and expect her husband to do everything else and finally come without her even realizing it? If that was the case, no way he would settle for it. And he knew very well this was likely to happen.

All these thoughts made him call Dimitris again. It wasn't late after all.

"Hello?"

"Dimitris? This is Kostas. I hope you don't mind me calling."

"Don't mention it. I told you, you can call me any time."

"Thank you. I can't stop thinking about your proposal and I would like you to send me some representative photos of Erica, the ones you showed me back at your place. Could you send them via email?"

"Certainly. Any preferences?"

"I would like the ones where she is eighteen, those with her bathing suit in Santorini and some recent ones as well."

"Sure. Give me your email address so I can send them right away."

"I'll text it to you to avoid any mistakes."

"Very well. Keep in mind that I generally sleep late at night, so don't hesitate to call if you need something else. Time is of the essence. . If it's necessary, I can come over to discuss. I don't mind at all."

"Ok, I'll keep that in mind. Thanks."

A few moments later, he received an email with the photos he requested. The idea that had crossed his mind was to send them to an old friend that happened to be a psychologist who specialized in sexual attitudes among couples. Some years ago, they had a short relationship. Truth is, they had lost touch but he was certain she would remember him. He hoped she hadn't changed her number. He looked it up and checked it on the internet too, just to be sure. She had changed her phone number after all but he managed to recover her address and new phone number.

He called her at home and she picked up.

“Good evening. Claire, is that you?”

“Good evening. This is Claire, who am I speaking to?”

“First of all, my apologies for the time. It’s Kostas Alexiou. Do you remember me?”

“Of course, I do remember. Long time no see. To what do I owe the pleasure?”

“Before going through that, tell me how are you ?”

“I’m fine and you?”

“I’m fine too. I wanted to apologize for not having called all these years. Many things happened in my life and most were not pleasant. I actually need your help. I have to make a serious decision and I have to make it fast. I would love your advice, if you don’t mind, of course.”

“No problem. You know me, I don’t judge. I admit that I was thinking of you sometimes. I wanted to call you. I even tried it once, two years ago, but you had changed your phone number. I searched for your new number but without success. Anyway, tell me what you want to ask and if I can, I will be happy to help you.”

“I’ll be brief. Apart from that though, I would like to see you one of these days. It would be a great pleasure.”

“I would love that. We can schedule a meeting. But first, tell me how can I help.”

“I’m about to take a big step with a girl but I’m full of questions according some matters. I remember that you used to be a great physio gnomist, especially about sexual behavior. I would like to send you certain photos of that girl via email so you can give me your professional opinion.”

“What exactly do you want to know?”

“If you don’t mind, I would like to send you the photos first. Check them, and then we will discuss. I need you to look at them so you can answer my questions.”

“Fine by me. You aroused my curiosity. When do you need those answers?”

"I know I'm taking advantage of your kindness but I really need to make a decision by tomorrow morning so if you have the time, could we do this right now?"

"I like you. Well, I'm not in the middle of anything so we can do it right away. I'm texting you my email address. Oh, even better! Do you have a Skype account?"

"Sure"

"Great. I'm sending you my Skype username as well. Send me the photos and I will call you in Skype if that's ok with you. Or we could talk on the phone."

"Of course, it's ok with me. Talk to you soon!"

As soon as he hung up, he received the text. He logged into the Skype, he added the username then sent the photos and waited. After a while, he got a video call. He answered it and Claire appeared on the screen. He found himself momentarily gaping. The woman he was staring at, had nothing to do with the one he remembered. Claire was definitely beautiful and attractive but she also had her flaws. Her hair was red back then, her bosom wasn't remarkable and she had some extra weight. The new Claire was a stunning brunette. Her bust was explosive. She obviously had fixed it.

"Good evening. Wow! You look amazing! Things must have been great for you."

"Good evening to you too, Kostas." She replied, smiling.

"If you are referring to my transformation, it's a long story and I would like to discuss it face to face. So, how are you?"

"I'm fine. I would love to see you too, I have so much to tell you. But until then, I'll keep saying that you look amazing!"

"Wait until you see the rest of me then! Let me stand up and turn on the lights."

So she did. When she came back she stood in such a way so he could see her whole body. She was right. She was a goddess. She was wearing a tight dress that emphasized every curve of her body. Apart from her explosive bust and

impressive cleavage, he could distinguish a couple of shapely legs which ended up in a pair of stiletto heeled black leather pumps. She turned around, then came back and sat on the chair. It was obvious she was showing off. *But why?* He wondered.

“So what do you think?”

“I’m speechless. It’s not an overstatement, you are one of the prettiest women I have ever seen.”

“And from what I know, you have seen quite a few. Anyway, tell me about the girl, I’m looking at her photos right now. However I have to warn you that I can’t form a full opinion from the photos alone. I might easily be mistaken.”

“I understand that, but I trust your judgement. I only ask for your point of view, no strings attached.”

“Fine then. I’m all ears.”

“The pictures you are looking at, are coming from the same girl at different ages. In the first ones, she is sixteen. In the photos with the bathing suit, she is eighteen. In the next ones, she is twenty. This is when family issues concerning her father’s health begin to occur. The last ones are from about six months ago at the age of twenty four. Her father died two years ago. After his death, she went into a long depression. Only until the last semester, she began accepting it and recovers.”

“I see. Is her mother alive?”

“No. She lost her mother when she was very young. She only has a cousin who is taking care of her.”

“Right. So what did you want to ask me?”

“It is a delicate matter. It has to do with her sexual identity and behavior.”

“Kostas, don’t hesitate. There is absolutely no reason to feel ashamed. You can ask anything you want directly.”

“Ok. When you are looking at the photos where she is sixteen and the ones where she is eighteen, what do you see?”

"I still don't get it, but I'll try to help you hoping you will make yourself clearer in the process. I must warn you though, I have never attempted to determine a psychological profile via photographs. At least they are high definition and I can easily zoom them out. Let's see. The first pictures show an attractively shaped young lady, quite developed for her age. She appears shy and timid but not prudish. Her advanced development also shows a high level of female hormones. So, I wouldn't describe her as frigid and I don't think she will be. The photos with her bathing suit are scantier. Especially those where the lower part of her bikini is damp and her vulva is revealed." She smiled discreetly.

"Scientifically explained, see?"

"I love it."

"These photos show a well-shaped juicy woman. I'd guess she hasn't had sex yet. I would also assume she is clitoral, therefore easily stimulated. This can make her look timid if she doesn't know how to handle it. But I wouldn't call her frigid. Now will you please tell me what this is all about?"

"You are right, I will give you a general idea of what's going on and if you want to know more details just ask."

"Sure"

"I know her cousin. He is an old colleague of mine. He suggested to meet the girl in the photos with the intention of starting a relationship and eventually get married. The girl has neglected herself due to her father's death, she put on weight, she isn't going out and therefore cannot connect with people. Let alone the fact that she is still a virgin and has never been kissed by a guy."

"Are you sure about that?"

"To be honest, no. I haven't met her yet. This is what her cousin told me. I have seen her at an event five or six years ago and he had mentioned her then. Judging by his words and his character, it is possible he is telling the truth. What

I would like to know, if all of the above is true, is how to handle her.”

“I’m finally beginning to understand. The situation is more complicated than you think. The girl may look normal but a young woman at her age that never had any sort of contact with the opposite sex will definitely have some issues in the long run. This can get even worse after long periods of depression due to events like those you mentioned. Before I carry on, are you sure you want to be a part of this?”

“No, I’m not at all sure and this is why I delve more deeply. Truth is, this offer has been very tempting. I’ve been through a lot these last few years. In every way. I’m in poor economic condition. Basically unemployed most of the time. I got divorced two years ago. I also haven’t flirted or had sex for about three years so...”

“I’m sorry, did you just say you haven’t had sex for three years?”

“Exactly. But please, don’t say it out loud, because I feel embarrassed.”

“Pardon me. I never had the intention to make you feel this way. The exact opposite. I really want to help you. However, I don’t think I can do that sitting behind a lifeless screen. It won’t be effective. Where do you live, by the way?”

“I live in Ano Glyfada.”

“Very well. I live in Voula. That’s very close. How about you pay me a visit?”

“Right now?”

“Right now. Didn’t you just say that you have to make a decision by tomorrow morning? Come over, we can discuss the matter and try to figure it out together. I was very happy to hear from you, you have intrigued my curiosity and I’m home alone. And by alone, I mean single. No relationship, no husband, no nothing. Plus, I don’t sleep early.”

"In that case, I would really love to see you too. Tell me your address."

Claire gave him her address and sent a text as well just to make sure he wouldn't get it wrong.

She turned off the Skype call and went inside to get ready. . A negative thought crossed Kostas's mind and made him panic.

He was about to visit his old girlfriend whom he hasn't seen for about eight years. She was gorgeous. He was not. He even felt badly about their whole conversation. What would she think of him? On the other hand, if she thought badly of him, would she offer to help him and invite him to her place at midnight?

Do not forget, he reminded himself *she is a psychologist and a very good one too*. It occurred to him that this was the main reason he decided to terminate their short relationship. She always seemed to know what he was thinking, unwittingly even, and he couldn't hide anything from her. She could literally read his mind. It had killed all the magic. On the other hand, the sex was amazing. She knew what he wanted and when, and she was lavishly giving it to him. That alone was not enough though. As a result, after spending four wonderful months together he decided to break up with her. She stoically accepted, maybe with a slight bitterness. She saw her a couple of times after that and then they lost touch. Occasionally he wondered if he overreacted, but it was too late.

Maybe I should call her and find an excuse to cancel? He considered. *No, it would be rude and improper. I need to find a solution after all and running away is not an option.*

He eventually decided to go.

He browsed his Google maps to locate her address and realized that her place was very close to Dimitris's. *Someone is playing games with me*, he thought. Too many coincidences. He rotated the map to get a satellite view of her house. It

was a large detached house with a garden and a swimming pool. Things indeed took a turn for the better for Claire. Eight years ago, she was still living in Pagrati with her mom.

He took a quick shower, wore his best suit and a clean shirt and went out. *I can't go emptyhanded*, he mused. Luckily, there was a liquor store next to his apartment which remained open until late at night. He bought a chocolate pralines gift box and two bottles of rose champagne. He went to the nearby flower shop and bought fifteen scarlet red roses as well.

He arrived at Claire's in about ten minutes. He had no trouble locating her house. He used the intercom and rang the doorbell. The door opened immediately. He crossed the beautifully lighted garden path to the house entrance in the back. From what he could distinguish, it looked like a modern two floored maisonette. The main door opened and Claire appeared at the threshold. She looked even more stunning under the entrance light.

She had changed. Now she wore a bright red dress, the color of fire. It was tight like the previous one but shorter, enough to reveal her flawless legs. A pair of shiny red high heeled pumps completed her outfit.

She is driving me crazy, he thought. It occurred to him, momentarily, that she was doing this on purpose. But why? He concluded that women were complicated beings and you can never know what's on their mind. He walked towards her.

When he came closer, a strong perfume overwhelmed him. Before he could say anything, she hugged him tightly and gave him two strong kisses.

"Welcome. Please come in."

He followed her, dazed. He noticed that she looked equally stunning from behind. Her extremely tight dress didn't leave much to the imagination. He could see every detail of

her round buttocks. She wasn't wearing any underwear. *She is definitely spending hours at the gym*, he mused.

He suddenly felt bad. His own body was looking worse than ever. He had put on some weight and had started to develop a large gut due to the complete lack of exercise...

As if she was reading his mind, she turned around, grabbed his shoulders, looked at him and said:

"Let me see you. Looking good!"

"Not at all compared to you." he muttered. Gaining his voice back he went on: "You are gorgeous, so is your house. These flowers and chocolates are for you. The champagne is for both of us."

"Thank you very much. I am touched" she said and kissed him again.

Every time she kissed him, there was something happening to him but he couldn't define what it was.

"Give me a minute to put the champagne on the fridge and the flowers on a vase." She walked away, shaking her lovely butt and returned holding a vase. She bent over to place it on the table in front of a large sofa made of alcantara. When she did so, she offered him a perfect view of her amazing breasts. She took the roses and placed them slowly and provokingly on the vase.

It was then when he felt his first erection after so long. He felt very uncomfortable. He tried to change his posture on the couch and look away but to no avail. Claire sat extremely close to him.

"You cannot possibly imagine how happy I am to see you."

"I'm happy to see you too, my dear Claire."

"And I'm so glad you chose me to help you with your issue."

"Well, it is a complicated and specific matter and you are the best psychologist I know."

"Thank you so much. Now tell me how have you been."

"I don't have pleasant news, I'm afraid. I will be brief so I won't depress you. I had some success in business but also a great setback in a company I worked. I had a good position, salary and perspective. Unfortunately, I was posing a threat to some of my colleagues so they set me up. I didn't figure it out in time so I lost my job. Another setback in another company followed. As a result, I started having financial problems which also affected my personal life. Two years ago, my wife filled for a divorce and it was finalized some months ago. Since then, I wasn't able to get a real job. Bad finances, gathering debts but my morale remains high. I'm not giving up but this situation is troubling me."

"What about women?"

"Nothing. With so many issues, low self-esteem and being broke, that was the last thing on my mind. After all, you know what the Americans use to say: No money, no honey!"

"You have a point. You never know though. So you were serious when you said that you haven't had sex for three years?"

"Why it comes as such a surprise to you? Last time I had sex was with my wife and it was a failure. I still remember it. It was September, three years ago. Well, two and a half to be exact. After that, she asked for a divorce, just before Christmas. She left and we started the necessary procedures. How could I possibly be thinking of women under all this pressure?"

"The best way to recover from a break up is to find another love. Did you love your wife, by the way?"

"Like I said before, the financial problems determined every outcome. As for the love factor, I can't tell you for sure. What I can tell you is that seeing you again brought back feelings that I've had long time to experience."

"I can tell. I find it quite normal, actually. You should be happy about it."

"You can't imagine how happy I am. But I didn't know how you would react. I was afraid you would feel offended."

"So this is why you are squirming! Let me tell you my story after our break up then, so you can feel more comfortable."

"I'm all ears."

"When you terminated our relationship, I tried not to show, but I was actually devastated. Despite my experience, I failed to determine the actual causes. I admit, I had made plans about us."

"How come you'd never ask me, then?"

"I couldn't. My ego wouldn't let me. I had to find out by myself. It was then, when I asked for help from a friend and colleague. He helped me a lot but not without a price. Despite the fact that he wasn't my type at all, I went along with the idea of dating him in order to understand what had happened with us. In the end, I figured out that men cannot function without a flicker of mystery. They need to keep some secrets and going into mischiefs, just like little children. It makes them feel falsely powerful even if most of the times it is merely a delusion. They definitely can't function when a woman is reading them like an open book and therefore they cannot hide from her. That was the case with us, am I right?"

"You are absolutely correct. That was the case. How long did it take you to figure it out?"

"Two months."

"Way to go! You are really good, after all. It could take years for others to reach a conclusion if they even managed to do so."

"Thank you. I know that. But I couldn't stand my colleague fucking me every time I was making a correct deduction. It was a great motive and I knew it. And excuse my profane language, but you know me, I like being foul-mouthed and use all these expressions when I refer to sex."

"I also remember you used that as a tool at work. It helped unlocking certain people's potential and freeing them from their taboos."

"Exactly! I can't believe you remember that! Anyway, when I figured it out, I cut all ties with him. I finally decided to take a doctorate which I was considering for a while back then. I travelled to Paris and lived there for two years. I worked my ass off and got it. I began experimenting on short relationships and applied different patterns. It was my life's work. I was even keeping notes. I did that for another two years. Nothing useful resulted from this. I kept making the same mistakes until I finally realized that I was too selfish. In fact, I didn't care about others, but only for myself. It may looked otherwise, but this was the case. When someone asked me to do something and I didn't agree, I was trying to change his mind, instead of just telling him so."

"Yes, you used to do that when we were together. I remember that time when I asked you to wear a pair of sexy underwear I bought you and you were trying to convince me that sex is equally good without these. In the end, you never wore them."

"Exactly. It never crossed my mind then that it wasn't about sex, but mostly a mind game just before it. So, I decided to change. And I became the exact opposite. I made some sort of research on what men want. Not the husbands or those who are after a serious relationship but the lovers. The ones who only want to fuck you and leave after sex. I made my body more appealing in order to become seductive. I augmented my breasts and I gave a small fortune in weight loss centers. I also went through surgery to emphasize or fix certain parts and here I am."

"The result is very impressive, I must say."

"And effective, judging from the lump in your pants. I'm teasing you!"

Excuse me, why did she say that? he thought. But he would find that out later.

"I also bought new clothes. My work has been a success but I was not at all happy. Men were chasing after me but I wasn't in the mood. I hadn't been in a relationship for months. I wasn't even looking for one. Their adoration was sufficient. And then, everything changed. Some years ago, I was on vacation in Mykonos. Business was booming. All that research had helped a lot. I managed to purchase a vacant lot and build a Villa. It was the first summer in my new residence and it was then when I met Marcelo. Marcelo was a god. He was Italian with a great athletic body, tanned, with long blonde hair. Until then, I remained indifferent towards guys like him. Men were chasing after me and women were chasing after Marcelo. He was a god, I was a goddess and when we met, there was a strange chemistry between us. Nothing would have happened if it wasn't for that. We fell madly in love. It wasn't about sex or about feelings. Marcelo was crazy. He didn't give a damn. He wouldn't obey any rules. Once, he dared to make love to me in a town alley in public. And I'm not talking about a secluded alley but right at the town center at midnight. And it wasn't quick and dirty either. It lasted for more than half an hour and included many positions. Finally, he came into my mouth in front of everyone. Some tourists filmed it and I was all over the Internet."

"Well, I'd love to see that!"

"I had no doubt." she laughed. "If you are a good boy, I will show it to you. There are over ten different versions and some of them are really good."

"It didn't offend you?"

"It did, at first. Then I accepted and got used to it. I was even trolling my friends "don't search for it, get it from me directly."

"And what happened with Marcelo?"

“Marcelo ended up being a huge pain in the ass. I won’t go through details but I’ll tell you some of it. He was a con-man. He told me he was working as a fashion model but in reality he was a drug dealer. He was staying at my place. There was a shed outside the house where I kept my tools and building materials. When we finished building the house, I wanted to get rid of it because it ruined the landscape. However, I was constantly putting it off and I finally decided to do it at the end of the summer. Without me knowing, Marcelo was storing large amounts of drugs there and dealing them in Greece and Italy. And by large I mean tons. He was also keeping his money stash there. This was taking place for at least two months and I was completely clueless. At some point he broke the news to me:

“You know, Claire”, he said “I really like Greece. I like being with you and I want to make some investments, but since I haven’t declared the money in Italy, I would like to buy some property in your name.”

“Do you trust me enough to do that?”

“Don’t worry. We will sign an informal contract which will declare me as the rightful owner. Plus, I trust you, I don’t think you’ll cause me any problems.”

“Totally surrendered to my lust and sex hormones, I agreed. We went back to Athens and bought this house. Five million euros and a half, in cash. Then we returned to Mykonos and bought a small Hotel and two Villas. Another seven million also in cash. At this point, I began to feel suspicious, but I never mentioned a thing. We visited a notary in Mykonos and proceeded with an informal contract as we had agreed. We were also planning to follow the same procedure for the residence in Athens when we got back. So far, so good.”

“Seriously, Claire, twelve million euros in cash and you didn’t say anything?”

“Exactly. Not a single word. We continued our vacation and the wild sex. I cared about nothing else, back then. There were times when Marcelo was away for a couple of days, probably to bring back the merchandise. You have no idea how much I missed sex these days. I was going through some major withdrawal syndrome. When August came, Marcelo blurted out the story:

“You know, Claire, I want to throw a crazy party. One that will cause an uproar.”

“Fine then, just do it.” I told him.

“I have arranged for a few girls from the model agency I work for to come over. They’ll make a photoshoot, they’ll stay at our Hotel and they’ll join for the party. Do you mind?”

“Why would I mind?”

“Well, since our Hotel has no swimming pool, I decided to throw the party here.”

“No problem at all.”

“To summarize, the party took place and everything has gone down the pan. A stupid model discovered a bag of cocaine and shared it with everyone at the party. I sniffed some myself. Since I wasn’t accustomed to drugs, I was on the verge of fainting. At some point, I realized I was laying naked on an armchair and someone was trying to rape me without success. Since he failed, he came on the model. Some minutes later, I heard someone screaming. Wavering and still completely naked, I moved towards the pool where I saw a girl laying down and bleeding from her mouth. The adrenaline brought me to my senses. My dizziness, my haziness and my headache were gone. I went inside to call 166 and then the police. I attempted to give first aid to the girl but she wasn’t responding. Luckily, I had a friend who worked at the police station and he came right away. I quickly got dressed and tried to locate Marcelo. He was nowhere to be found. Later that day, I discovered he was

flying back to Rome. You can guess what happened next. The police raided my place and they found the drugs and some cash. The ambulance arrived shortly after that but unfortunately the girl was already dead. They picked up four girls who overdosed and they were in dire need of medical care. I was arrested. The charges were plenty. And all considered felonies. I was transferred to Athens and held in custody at the female ward in Korydalos Judicial Prison. The preliminary investigation took place and I told them everything. But there was no Marcelo. His real name was Antonio and was even wanted from Interpol. The key was the informal contract I had signed but the notary was nowhere to be found. My lieutenant friend helped me as much as he could and finally located the notary in Syros. He paid him a visit when he was off duty and forced him to give us a copy of the contract. To think that he signed the contract as Antonio and I never even noticed! I hired a good lawyer which cost me a fortune but managed to drop all charges against me, sped up the trial and I eventually got away with a seven month sentence. Since I was in custody for ten months already, they set me free. Marcelo's Villas and the Hotel were confiscated by the state as crime products. Same as the drugs and the cash. I managed to save the Villa in Athens since we never signed a matching contract and I never mentioned it. So I kept it as a souvenir."

"Yeah. A five million euro souvenir."

"Indeed. Thank god, I find it easy to overcome such setbacks. The first thing I did when I got out of jail was to go to Mykonos and demolish the shed. There, I made another discovery. While, I was cleaning up, I noticed a box the policemen had missed. On the bottom part, there was 800.000 euros. I took it and demolished the shed."

"Profit again!"

"I deserved it, ok? I was in jail for ten months."

"How was your time in jail by the way?"

"To be honest, it was just fine. When they found out I was a psychologist that specialized in sexual behavior they swarmed around me for free advice. Even the guards consulted me. Thanks to that, I received special treatment."

"And after that?"

"These events occurred two years ago. My sentence prevented me from practicing my profession for another year, so I continued my vacation in Mykonos when I got out of jail. I was bored to death. Not to mention that everyone knew about me and I couldn't get about much. Only the summer period was tolerable. When my sentence was over, last September, I came back to Athens, opened a new office and working normally ever since. What I want to point out though, is that after all I've been through, I lost interest in forming any sort of relationship or having sex. As much as I wanted to, I didn't feel the urge to do so. Which is weird for me who used to get turned on so easily. I tried many times and with many different ways but to no avail. I consulted a few colleagues and they all told me that it is a normal reaction since I was still in shock and I just needed more time. Until today. I have to admit that when we were chatting on Skype and you were telling me about the girl, I was soaking wet. When you told me that you hadn't had sex for three years, I almost had an orgasm. This is why I asked you to come over. After two years of sexual abstinence, I have this beautiful feeling again. And from what I can see, I'm not the only one."

"Indeed. When you opened the door and I saw you, I was overwhelmed by passion. I couldn't even speak."

"I noticed. So, what are we going to do about it?"

"I honestly don't know. What do you have in mind?"

"I have an idea. Give me a second, I'll be right back."

She got up and moved towards the stairs that led to the second floor. Ten minutes later, she returned. The sight of her took his breath away. She was wearing a pair of very

revealing, tantalizing underwear made of sheer black lace. The set included a pair of black silk garters, fishnet stockings and high heeled sandals. She slowly got down the stairs and went to the fridge. She took the bottles of champagne and two glasses and put them on the table. She turned around and went back in the kitchen. He noticed she was wearing a tiny string. Her butt was lovely. Her plastic surgeon was definitely an artist.

She returned holding the box of pralines.

“So, what do you think?”

“You are divine. You are the most beautiful and perfect woman I have seen.”

“Thank you. I want to celebrate this, with chocolate and champagne.”

She took one of the pralines, placed it provokingly in her mouth, licked her lips and bit it. The sight was extremely sensual. She opened the bottle of champagne, poured some in both glasses and gave him one. They made a toast and drank.

“I have another idea.” she said and walked away again.

She went to a nearby room and came back holding a tripod and a camera.

“We will make our own private video.”

She set and activated the camera then sat close to him. She repeated the scene with the praline, more slowly and stimulatingly this time.

“Now is your turn.”

Kostas was very turned on. He picked another praline, put it in his mouth, licked it and suddenly, as she stood provokingly in front of him with her legs wide open, he pulled her string aside. The area around her pubes was swollen, probably because she was feeling all hot and bothered. She was wet. He slowly touched her clit with the praline and caressed it in a circular way. Then he stuck it inside her. The sensation was beyond description. She wasn't

expecting it either. She had her eyes closed and was breathing heavily. Without stopping, he shoved his finger inside her and got the praline out. Claire let out a loud cry and opened her eyes. He placed the praline in his mouth and ate it.

Claire kept looking at him, lustily. He took another praline, held it between his teeth and approached her. He touched her lips with his. She bit the other half of the praline and began kissing him. It was a sweet and passionate kiss.

He offered her a glass of champagne and they drank it at one gulp. She grabbed her shoulders and made her kneel in front of him. He unzipped his pants and put them down. She knew what he wanted and lowered his boxers.

She began licking him like an ice cream from the top to the bottom. At the same time she was touching and massaging it with her hand. She licked her lips and swallowed him whole. She was moving up and down, licking him slowly to the bottom and sucking her way to the top.

She was indeed very sensual. He knew that if he would let her do that for a few more minutes he wouldn't last and would come on her mouth. He thought of asking her to stop but he was curious enough to see for how long she could go on. He decided to let her continue and ejaculate in her mouth. His orgasm occurred some minutes later. He let out a loud scream and came hard on her mouth. Since he hadn't cum for quite some time, he produced a large amount of sperm. Claire kept sucking him hard and didn't stop until she realized there wasn't a single drop left inside him. He laid exhausted on the couch.

Claire got up and stood in front of him. He could see traces of his sperm still in her lips.

"What do you think?" she asked him.

"On a scale from 1 to 10, I'll give you a 20."

Clearly satisfied, Claire burst out laughing. She turned off the camera and sat next to him.

"I have never done it like this before. It was very intense, a unique experience. I have another idea. I remember you were obsessed with sex toys, isn't that right?"

"You remember correctly."

"As well as photos and videos. Mostly amateur stuff."

"Correct again."

"Do you still have that obsession?"

"Of course. These things never change."

"Ok. Here is what we'll do. You will go back to your place and bring all your sex toys here as well as your photographic material. I feel wild tonight. Unless you have an objection?" she stood up and glared pretending to threaten him.

He acted as if he was scared.

"No, no, none at all. I'm going right away."

"Good. And you'd better be fast. I'm very horny and I can't wait."

He left. On his way back, he was thinking about everything that has happened and those yet to happen. He couldn't believe his luck for being with such a beautiful woman. Then it dawned on him. He had completely forgotten the actual reason for calling Claire and paying her a visit. Erica.

What would he do about Erica? He was supposed to give a final answer to Dimitris tomorrow morning. He had to make that clear once he was back at Claire's.

He made it home and went straight to his closet where he had kept all his sex toys hidden in two bags. He found them and checked inside to make sure everything was there.

Next, he turned on his portable computer. He located his hard disk where he kept the pornography, put them all in a suitcase, then went back to his car and drove to Claire's. He reached his destination within a few minutes.

Claire had changed her outfit again. Now she was wearing a pair of bright red silky underwear, red garters, fishnet stockings and black high heeled leather pumps.

"How do I look?"

"Irresistible" he answered.

She laughed contently.

"Did you get them?" she asked cravingly.

"I did. But first, there is something I would like to discuss."

Her face clouded over. He leaned towards her, kissed her lips passionately and told her:

"Don't go gloomy on me. On the way home, I realized that I had totally forgotten the reason I called you in the first place."

"Wow, I was that good?"

"More than good. But could we please discuss it now?"

"Listen. I'm way too horny to bother with anything other than sex at the moment. I'm extremely curious about the sex toys and the videos. Thus, I suggest we have relentless and boundless sex and then I promise we'll go into your problem. We have some time until morning, after all. Is that ok?"

"Fine. I can't say no to you anyway."

"Let me see the videos first."

He brought his notebook, connected his hard disk and switched it on. He browsed his photo files and opened them.

"I have arranged them by category. What would you like to see?"

Claire began to browse. She found out she preferred the ones showing sex toys and anal sex. She asked if he had respective videos. He nodded.

"Can I see them, please? Please?"

"Sure, why not."

"Can you connect your notebook to my television?"

"Let me check. It has a HDMI socket and a cable, so yes."

“Great. We will have sex while watching a video I will choose and film the whole process at the same time.”

“Nice combination. Let’s try it then!”

“Do you have any videos with sex toys like the ones you brought?”

“I think I may actually have one. It shows a girl having sex with a black vibrator, similar to the one I brought you.”

“Play this one.”

“You are really twisted.”

“I know. Wait. Before we begin, I’d like to give you this.”

She left the room and came back holding a pill and a glass of water.

“Drink it.”

“What is that?”

“An invention of mine. It contains tadalafil and I call it Claris. It’s similar to Cialis but lasts longer and it’s side effect free. I want everything to be perfect.”

“Fine then, I’ll take it.”

“Now, let’s check the toys.”

“This is a vaginal vibrator. Antibacterial. This is an anal vibrator. And this is the infamous black vibrator, the one I told you about. It has a straps on attached in case you want to use it with a girl. It contains many vibrating levels as well as a rotating mechanism for vaginal orgasm.”

“It’s great and really thick. We’d better head to my bedroom. We’ll be more comfortable and there’s a bigger television there.”

They came up the stairs and made it to the large bedroom. Claire’s bedroom almost had the size of his apartment. There was an enormous bed, a boudoir, three sofas, a big bathroom and a TV. Not to mention the extra room with the closets and the shoe racks.

He connected his notebook to the TV and played the black vibrator video. Next, he set the camera to record every-

thing they did. He found a good reception angle and laid on the bed next to Claire.

She was already examining the vibrator. Suddenly, she put it in her mouth and began licking it. She adjusted it on level 1 and placed it on her breasts. She was mimicking the girl on the video. Kostas couldn't help comparing the two of them but Claire was way better. Her body was perfect, flawless, while the other girl's body was starting to sag. Still, she was very stimulating.

Claire was enjoying that unique feeling of pleasure. She had adjusted the vibrator to level 3 and had thrust it inside her. She wasn't rushing it at all. She wanted to fully enjoy it. Her eyes were closed and she was moaning. It was a very arousing sight. Kostas was extremely horny. He removed his boxers and put his finger on her lips. Claire slightly opened her eyes.

"Does that turn you on, honey?"

"You have no idea, darling."

She licked him with her soft, velvet tongue. This aroused him even more. He set the vibrator level on four and activated the rotating mechanism level on two. Claire screamed with pleasure.

"I'm so turned on..." she muttered.

And this was just the beginning. He was planning to take her to heaven. He wanted to drive her crazy, to please her like no one ever had before. He raised the vibrator's rotating mechanism level to three. She moaned deeply.

He turned her around and forced her on all fours. He stood behind her and enjoyed the sight of her perfect ass. The black vibrator was still inside her. It pulsated and rotated, giving Claire waves of pleasure she hasn't experienced before. He lowered the vibration level and began licking her with his tongue. He moved towards her ass and placed his tongue on its side. Claire reacted but there was nothing she could do. He carefully became more persistent. He pushed

the tip of his tongue inside her asshole. He stopped and asked her if she liked it.

“Very much” she replied hoarsely and horny.

He pushed his tongue a little deeper inside. His mouth was full of saliva. He grabbed the anal vibrator and put it on her ass. Seeing Claire’s positive reaction, he pressed it inside. He rotated it and pushed it harder and deeper. He set the rotation mechanism all at once. Claire was moaning heavily now and occasionally letting out small cries. She was a sight for sore eyes. He was delighted for recording it. The video they were watching had stopped playing but they didn’t care. What they did was ten times better. He pushed the vibrator deeper. She moaned harder and sped up her motions. She was on the verge of coming. He raised the rotation level. She couldn’t hold it any longer. She screamed “I’m coming!” and did so, so intensely like never before in her life.

But he had other plans. He wanted to reach her limits. He set the black vibrator’s both levels to 2, removed the anal vibrator from her ass, spat and abruptly went inside her. It was an unprecedented feeling. Her ass was wet and warm and her muscles were tightening from all the pleasure. Now, he was fucking her violently, like there was no tomorrow. Claire screamed:

“I’m coming again!”

“Where are you coming, honey?”

“I’m coming everywhere, my whole body is coming. I’m coming uncontrollably, it’s almost unbearable.”

The feeling was so intense and he couldn’t resist any longer. He ejaculated inside her ass. He came out, switched off the black vibrator and removed it from inside her. Claire was on the verge of fainting. Her body was still shaking, trying to recover from this wonderful experience.

He turned off the camera and went close to her.

He held her in his arms for a while. At some point, Claire opened her beautiful eyes and stared at him.

"Don't you dare leaving me again." she stuttered.

She got up and went to the bathroom. She took off her underwear, her pumps and stockings and took a long hot shower.

After she was done, she wore a red gown and went back to him.

"Jesus Kostas, that was amazing. I still find it hard to believe it. I wouldn't believe it even if I read it in a book or watch it in a movie. I would turn it down as a product of fiction. How is it possible for someone to withstand such emotions? But it is true, I just experienced it. How could you do that? How did you activate all my pleasure spots? It felt as if every cell of my body participated in a hedonic concert. I almost fainted during climax. I'm not very familiar with the human biology, but I thought it was impossible to achieve such results without the help of mind-altering substances. And even then, I doubt it would have been so intense.

"My love, the human body is provided with all the necessary substances and doesn't need for additional concoctions."

"You are right, again. Did you just say "my love"? Am I indeed your love or was it just a figure of speech?"

"You were my love back then and you are my love now. You should have known that."

At that point, Claire burst into tears and hugged him. Thankfully she didn't cry for long. She got up, wiped her eyes and looked her reflection in the mirror.

"I look terrible."

"Are you kidding me? You could never look terrible."

"Yeah, right. Let me freshen up a bit."

"You don't need to freshen up. Come here."

She went to him, still wearing her gown. He realized he was still naked.

"I need to use the bathroom, then I'm all yours."

He took a fast shower. He wore a white gown and went back to her. Claire was calm and brightened again.

"I know, there is a matter we need to discuss."

"Exactly. We really need to do so."

"Well, if we have to. Let's go back to the living room."

Kostas realized that she didn't want to make that conversation but it was necessary. They went downstairs.

"I could use something to eat. Care for a sandwich?"

"No, thanks. I could use a soft drink, though."

"Sure. Any preferences? Coke, orange juice or lemonade?"

"Lemonade, please."

She made herself a sandwich, fetched him a glass of lemonade and sat next to him.

"Right. Let me put my professional hat on, forget that I just had the best sex of my life, as if, and proceed with the psychography of what was her name?"

"Erica"

"Our dear Erica, yes."

"So, let's go through her photos again. Like I said when we talked on Skype, the girl looks normal. She has a well-shaped healthy body, I didn't detect any traces of neurosis and judging from the details, she is still a virgin. At least she was when the bikini pictures were taken. She has very kind features and she looks calm and timid. However, as I already told you, timid doesn't necessarily means prude. Her maturation level is very satisfying. Her female hormone levels must be above normal. You can tell from her breasts' growth. Now, judging from the recent photos, she can easily lose the weight she put due to her psychological problems. Note that, the extra weight is balanced. The fact that, putting on weight, didn't affect her breasts is highly remarkable. It means that her hormones are intact. I'd say that, she can go back to her normal weight in about three months, with the right workout program. So, my verdict is as follows:

Regardless if she is a virgin or not, in the right man's hands and with the proper approach, she could become a great partner. She may never be the perfect mistress, although you never know, but I'm sure she will be a passionate woman who could satisfy the average guy."

"Hypothetically speaking, of course."

"Well, if you are asking if she is the ideal partner for you, the answer is simple. No, she is not. Judging from my previous experience -which I hope to overcome- the ideal mistress for you is me" she said, laughing, "and I emphasize on mistress and not wife."

"Ok, I understand and I thank you very much. I know it was hard for you to do that, especially after what happened between us. You actually answered my basic question. Of course, other matters have arisen now."

"Meaning?"

"After what happened with us, I can't possibly think my life without you."

"Really, darling? You are making me so happy."

"On the other hand, I need to consider Erica's case. I skipped some details and there are other factors involved. I was thinking the possibility of reaching a decision that combines everything."

"I hope you realize that you can fully trust me, as I can trust you too. What is mine is now yours. If this is about money, don't even think about it. I have enough to support us for the rest of our lives and for the next one too. We can live wherever we want. I have deposits in Greece and abroad and my job keeps providing me with more. I can work whenever I want. I can go on vacation whenever and for as long as I desire. This applies to you too. We are one. You are running through my veins and I can't live without you."

"Thank you very much. I'm really touched. I think I'm going to cry."

“Leave that for me. Crying is one of my own privileges. Although I’m usually quite tough. I can’t remember the last time I cried.”

“Listen to me, now. I’ll tell you everything I know, including my private thoughts.”

“Your personal counselling online” she said, laughing.

“It all began yesterday morning when I met Dimitris, an old colleague from the company I got framed as I told you before. I didn’t have dealings with him in general, although he was one of the few in the company who stood up for me and helped me. He told me he was looking for me since Christmas but since I had changed my number, he couldn’t reach me. He invited me to his house and made me an offer regarding his cousin. The story as he spun it was that his cousin has lost her mother at a very young age and she was raised by his uncle. Four years ago, his uncle got severely ill and asked him to take care of her. When he died, two years ago, he took over her care and protection. He gave me the impression that he cares a lot about her. Sometimes he acts as if he is in love with her. There are many unclear points and he refused to clarify them. He assured me that he will let me know as soon as I become a member of their family.”

“Tell me something. Do you trust this guy? Do you think that everything he told you was true?”

“I didn’t know him well back then, so I can’t be sure. I feel that he really cares about Erica but I can’t help thinking he is hiding a lot. Another thing is, that when I looked at her photos, I felt something. I can’t define what exactly, but I’m fond of her and I would like to help her. It’s strange, I’ve only seen her once, many years ago, I vaguely remember her.”

“What are your questions about the whole matter? I think we should analyze it as best as we can and try to get some answers. If that is possible, of course, bearing in mind that we have close to no data.”

"I'm afraid that Dimitris plays a different part in the story. He hasn't dealt with his uncle and cousin for eighteen years. Suddenly his uncle requests his help. He asks him to leave his job and give up everything. He grants him a million euros worth house and by the way he lives next to you. He ensures him with a very generous income, multiple times his previous one and the only thing he has to do is taking care of some of his cases and his cousin. What kind of cases are these? He also avoided telling me if his uncle owned any enterprises. It is one of the things I'll find out when I'll become a member of the family. Finally, he avoided telling me if Erica is the sole heiress of his uncle's fortune, as well as if she manages the family property after her father's death. Many questions, indeed.

"What is Erica's inheritance?

"Is she the sole heiress?

"If so, is she managing her property or someone else does?

"I don't think Erica is dealing with that. And I don't think her cousin is involved either. If that's the case, why? If his uncle trusted him as much as he says, why not granting him access and additional benefits?

"Why does he want Erica to get married so soon? And why does he need someone experienced in business management?

"What if there are enterprises that other people manage for various reasons and they are about to proceed to changes that the cousin wants to prevent?"

"What kind of changes?"

"I'm speculating. I'll try to elaborate. Interrupt me if you must."

"Fine, Sherlock, I'm all ears", she laughed.

"There are big enterprises. The uncle trusted him enough to assign him to take care and protect his daughter on the one hand, but on the other hand he didn't trust him enough

or he deemed him incapable of managing the family property. When it comes to the family, he might not have had another choice. Thus, he probably appointed certain administrators to his enterprises. This, according to the usual enterprise policy, always applies for a certain amount of time. Given the fact that two years have passed since then, it is possible that this time limit has been reached. So, depending on the policy terms, it will be decided whether the status quo will be terminated or renewed. If they intend to terminate it, the rightful heir or someone with a legitimate interest should take over the reins. The rightful heir, Erica, is incapable of doing so due to various reasons. As for the cousin, he is probably excluded from the whole procedure. If that is the case, I don't think he likes it."

"Please, clarify something for me. Do you think he could do it? Is he capable of managing the enterprises?"

"I don't think so. When we worked together in the company, his colleagues didn't hold him in high esteem. He wasn't a hard worker, more of a slacker, didn't care about his job at all and was generally a bon viveur but mostly with other people's money. He was accused of excessive spending on a pretense of customer care, multiple times. And we are talking about customers who were not even purchasing from the company."

"This could explain his uncle's attitude towards him."

«To recap, if all of the above apply, why not find a potential husband for his cousin, one whom he knows and trusts, one with proven experience in enterprise management? Someone whom he can control. A husband is considered a family member. With his wife's proxy, he could claim the enterprises management during a general shareholders meeting, always according to its rules and regulations. This way, the potential cousin has a say in the enterprises management and at the same time gets his hands into the capital stock.»

“Wicked!”

“Not really. It has happened before in similar cases. Of course, sometimes, there are imponderable factors that ruin the plans of the “wannabe” managers.”

“Ok. Supposing this is the case. What do we do?”

“It is a delicate matter. Dimitris wants an answer by morning. He uses Erica’s birthday as an excuse so I won’t have the time to investigate further. He knows that if I do, I may find information to strengthen my speculations. He puts the pressure on me relying on my bad financial state and he also believes that if I commit I will be bound to cater to his plans.”

“And this is where the imponderable factor “goddess Claire” comes forward» she said, laughing loudly.

“Indeed, darling. How could he possibly know that I would meet an absolute treasure that would change my life overnight?”

“Exactly, my love. That’s what treasures do after all!”

“My treasure, you!”

“There is still something I don’t understand though. Are we coming to a conclusion?”

“We are trying to. Like I said, I feel a strange fondness for Erica. She is an innocent girl who doesn’t have the means to handle and face similar situations. She was living in a protective environment. How is she supposed to survive in the jungle then, let alone with a serpent in her bosom?”

“Don’t tell me you are falling in love with her?” her face darkened.

“No, darling, don’t you worry. You are the only one I adore” he told her and gave her a passionate kiss.

“Really?”

“If you weren’t, could I have sex with you like I did before?”

“Now that you reminded me, I got aroused again and I want more. Can we take a break and have sex again?”

“We will, babe. I’m aroused all the time myself. You gave me Claris and with you next to me... But I want to finish my rationale, before you take my mind again!”

“Fine, let’s get over with it.”

“As I was saying, before you interrupt me, I’m ending up with two hypothetical scenarios. In the first one, I don’t get myself involved. Erica becomes a prey to her cousin who probably wants to take possession of her fortune and to every possible administrator who will obviously want the same. Moreover, no one assures us that even if I don’t agree, Dimitris will find someone else to proceed with his plan.

“In the other scenario, I accept his offer and I actively participate. I’m becoming a part of a plan in which there is profit for everyone. You, Erica, who will be protected along with her fortune and finally, me. The only one cast aside and isolated will be Dimitris. However, I will need your help to execute this plan.”

“Kostas, what are you talking about? What do I gain if you fuck the virgin’s brains out?” she said, clearly annoyed.

“Honey, take it easy. Let me tell you about my plan. I’ll be brief and will reflect on the details later.”

“Fine”

“Here I go. I accept Dimitris’s offer. On Erica’s birthday, I take her out to dinner. I try to impress her with the help of your mentoring. I detect how things will be at the end of the night and I act accordingly. If she is negative, I quit and we never bother with her again. If she is positive, it depends on if she invites me to her place or not. If she does, I will try to seduce her, if not, we’ll hatch another plan. If I manage to seduce her, I make love to her as we have planned. Then there will be a period of acquaintanceship with the ultimate aim of getting engaged fast and get married shortly after. Now let me tell you what my perverted mind has thought about your involvement. If the acquaintanceship period goes smoothly, meaning she is beginning to trust me and reacts

positively to sex, I'm going to introduce you to her. We'll process the exact way. You will try to bond with her and become her friend. Your main goal is to sexually awaken her and expand her horizons. If she is a normal woman, it won't be too hard. I don't know about your experience with the opposite sex but I believe the idea stimulates you."

"You are such a perv! The truth is I'm not experienced with women, but the idea intrigues me. Tell me more."

"You don't know the half of it! You have plenty of ways to approach her. Her weight, the marriage, her body, her wedding dress and so on. Such stuff usually do the trick. Well, her body won't be great at first but we intend to make her look better. With the right approach -you are a psychologist after all- you'll manage to bond with her and eventually seduce her. She may feel bad for cheating me with you at first, but you'll present it as something natural. Then, at a point where you'll be in bed together, I'll arrange showing up haphazardly and catch you in the act. She will expect me to make a scene, but I'll join you two instead. We will have a threesome and thus we legalize our own relationship in front of her. If we do this right -and I don't see why we won't- she will get hooked. She won't be able to imagine love without you. Same as me."

At this point, Claire got up, hugged him, gave him a few hot kisses and stayed in his arms. Kostas continued:

"You, in the meantime, will keep bonding more and more with her. Apart from her mistress, you will become her best friend. You'll be the sister and the mother she never had. We will gradually move in her house all together. Then the day of the wedding will arrive. Erica comes from Santorini but we will arrange for the wedding to take place in Mykonos. On the wedding night, pay attention to that part, the three of us will have sex in a way we have never done before. We will both take her. You will wear a straps on and make love to her from behind while I will be doing it the normal way.

This will practically be my wedding gift first to you and then to her.”

“Sounds great, babe. The mere thought gets me soaking wet. Touch me and you’ll see.”

Before finishing these words, she grabbed his hand and placed it inside of her gown, between her legs. She was soaking wet indeed as if she was dripping. He couldn’t resist. He opened her gown and began licking her. Claire let out a loud cry, grabbed his head with both her hands and pressed his face on her. It was so intense that he wouldn’t be able to breathe. He shoved and rotated his tongue inside her. At the same time when his tongue was coming out, he was biting slightly her clit which was swollen and emerged. Of course, she didn’t last long. She came loudly after a while. Kostas never pulled his face away from her until she climaxed.

“Wow, what was that, babe? You are full of surprises! First the best sex ever, now the best cunnilingus ever. Well, come to think of it, I haven’t received that many. It’s not a man’s favorite thing to do. And it was you who had given me the previous best when we were together back then. I wasn’t feeling so comfortable, though.”

“I remember. I was insisting on doing it and you eventually gave in.”

“Yeah. God, I used to be such a dork!”

“But you evolved into a goddess and a sex machine that knows no bounds.”

“I owe that to you. I have an amazing idea. Do you mind taking a break and carry on later?”

“I don’t mind at all.”

“Go to the bedroom, play a video, set the camera on record and wait up for me. I have a surprise for you. Just give me a few moments, I need to go and get some things.”

She sprang out of the sofa and literally ran upstairs. She came back holding a plastic bag.

“You can come up now.”

He went up to the bedroom and did as she told him to. He didn't want to be completely naked though, so he tried to find something to wear. He opened her closet and rummaged in her drawers. She had a wonderful underwear collection but nothing he could wear. He looked in the second closet without any luck. In the third closet he found an amazing red kimono. It was very delicate and seemed quite expensive. He wore it out of hand. The sensation was divine. He remembered Richard Gere wearing a similar one in a movie. He laid on the bed and waited. A few moments later, he heard Claire's footsteps and then her voice:

“Babe, is the camera showing the door too?”

“Let me check. I'll adjust it to show both the door and the bed. Should be fine now.”

“Good, good. Lie down, open the camera and I'll be with you soon.”

He sat on the bed and waited. She obviously wanted to make a triumphant entry. The door opened slightly and she entered the room. He held his breath as he saw her. She had brushed her hair up and wore a tiara made of pearls. But what really stood out was a beautiful wedding dress. It was made of silk, snow white, strapless, emphasizing her breasts perfectly (he had never seen such teasing breasts before), closely fit to her body then flared out to the hem. As she walked, he managed to notice a pair of a very high heeled silver sandals. She wavily approached him and stood in front of him. He got up.

“This will be our very own wedding night. Our meaningful wedding. Baby, will you marry me?”

“I will, my love, with all my heart and soul” he told her and kissed her passionately.

“You make me so happy, darling.”

Then he noticed she was holding something. He opened her palm and saw two rings. It was a diamond, at least 4

carat ring, made of platinum and another one that looked like a wedding ring studded with tiny diamonds. On her other palm she was holding a male white gold ring with a black center stone.

“With this ring I thee wed, we are bonded for life» she said and wore the ring in the fourth finger of his right hand.

He immediately realized what she was doing. He took the rings from her.

“With this ring I thee wed, we are bonded for my current life” he told her and repeated the procedure.

“And with this ring I thee wed in my next life” he continued and wore her the second brilliant ring in her left hand’s middle finger.

Claire burst into tears. Tears of joy that lasted for a little while. When she calmed down she said:

“I can’t believe what you just did” and she went on: “These were my mother’s rings. My father gave her these when they got engaged. He placed them on the same fingers and spoke the very same words. Isn’t that weird and emotional at the same time?”

“Yes, my love, it is indeed. And what about that ring?”

“This ring belonged to my father and it’s my only memento of him. The story of my parents is a very sad one and I’d rather recount it another time. The same applies for the wedding dress. But, this is a day of joy and I don’t want to feel blue. I need you to understand that this is a bonding for life. No law or ceremony is above it. Whatever happens and whatever we decide, we will always be one. Do you believe that?”

“Yes, my love! My darling! We will always be together and we will always be one.”

“Let’s bind this wedding then and make our own wedding night video. Let the wedding sex begin. Play the video too” said and looked him in the eyes.

He played the video on his notebook.

Claire was sitting in the bed looking divine. As he came close to her, she stopped him, pulled his kimono aside and put him in her mouth. He gave him a wild blowjob for a while. Then he threw him on the bed and stood up. She unbuttoned the lower part of her dress and removed it with a swift movement. The wedding dress turned into a corset. She was wearing a white tiny string, white stockings and white high heeled sandals. She leaned over him and kissed him everywhere. She forced him to turn around. She unbuttoned her corset and sat on top of him. Her body was touching his back. He could feel her amazing breasts rubbing him and her hard nipples piercing him. She gave him a delightful massage while rubbing herself on him and whispered to his ear:

“I want you all for myself. I don’t want you to hold back. I want to make love to you. I want to hurt you. I want to tear your butt apart.”

And with these words, without waiting for an answer, she put her finger into his mouth. Kostas licked it with pleasure without saying a single word. Claire began massaging the end of his butt. She knew from experience how to arouse him. Slowly, she shoved her finger deeper into his butt. She kept massaging him with her other hand. She leaned to his ear and whispered again:

“Does this turn you on?”

“It certainly does, darling.”

“Tell me what you want me to do to you?”

“I want you to make love to me. I want you to stick it in my butt and make me come.”

“And what do you want me to stick inside your butt?”

“Whatever you want, darling.”

She got up and rummaged through the sex toys. She picked the anal vibrator and the big black one. She went back to him.

“Which one do you prefer?”

"Whichever you want, my love."

"This one, I think" she said and showed him the big black vibrator.

"Since I'm in a good mood, I'll apply some Vaseline too."

She went to the bathroom and came back holding a jar of Vaseline. A sardonic smile was carved into her face. She ritualistically wore the belt with the black vibrator. She grabbed it and shook it in front of his face. She took a small amount of Vaseline and spread it carefully on the vibrator.

"And now, I'm going to rid you of your virginity. Unless someone has done that before me?"

"No, baby, you will be the first. My butt is all yours. You can do whatever you want with it."

"Whatever I want?"

"Whatever you want, baby."

"This turns me on so much. Tell me again what do you want, baby, I want to hear you saying it all the time."

"I want you to turn me on, baby. I want you to make me horny and then make love to me. I want you to tear my butt apart and I want us both to come."

Claire turned him on all fours and stuck her finger with the rest of the Vaseline into his ass. She then turned the vibration level and prod him slowly. A shiver ran down his spine. It was a unique feeling. A mixture of pain, pleasure and shiver.

Claire gradually went deeper inside him. Despite hurting, he liked it more and more.

"Tell me what I'm doing, bub."

"You are tearing me apart, love, you are tearing me apart."

"And do you like it?"

"I like it, baby. It hurts, but I like it."

"I like it too. My whole body is turned on. I think I'm going to come before you do."

While saying these words, she kept moving in and out of his ass with the black vibrator. It was a great feeling. He didn't care about the pain, anymore. All he wanted was that feeling of pleasure.

She suddenly took the black vibrator off him.

"Turn around, darling. I want to see your face while I'm frigging you. I want to see your expression when you climax."

Kostas turned and looked at her. There was a rush of excitement on her face. With her eyes half open, she spread his legs and with a swift movement forced her way inside him again. This time he didn't care about the pain at all. The sensation of pleasure was enough. Claire had lost control. She was overwhelmed by a sensual delirium. She was rhythmically moving in and out of his butt with force. She was pinching one of her nipples with one hand and fondling him with the other.

The video was still playing on the television screen. His arousal skyrocketed and he came with a loud cry. It was extremely intense. He couldn't remember coming so intensely ever before. His sperm was ejected on Claire's face. Thrilled by the pleasure's vertigo, she licked it with her tongue and came loudly as well.

She collapsed next to him, breathing heavily.

"I think we were great!"

"We were more than great" he said and hugged her. "Now remove that thing, before it pierces my belly."

"I will. Let's take a shower and carry on. I want to play the video from the start; I didn't pay attention to it at all. And I want you to make love to me this time."

"Of course, you didn't pay attention to it. You were occupied with my ass instead!"

"Yes, but now you are completely mine. I have read somewhere that if a man gives his butt to a woman without

being gay, then he belongs to her completely and he is never going to get over her.”

“It’s true. As long as it doesn’t become a habit.”

“Don’t worry. The experience was enough for me. Repetition diminishes the feeling after all. Let’s go.”

They took a shower and washed each other. They toweled and went back to bed.

“I have another idea. Just let me wear my pure and untainted underwear first.”

She went to her closet, wore a pair of white laced relatively modest underwear, matching white socks and classic white pumps, not so high heeled. She approached him and put her finger in her mouth giving him an innocent childish look.

“I’m innocent and a virgin” said with pretended coyness. Please be gentle and don’t hurt me.”

She laid next to him. He kissed her mouth softly and moved lower. When he reached her breasts, she reacted.

“Do you really have to see my breasts? I’m so embarrassed!”

Kostas played along.

“Don’t worry. I’ll be very nice with you.”

“But, no one else has ever seen them.”

“That’s right, but I’m your husband.”

“You can see them, then.”

He gently unbuttoned and removed her bra. He touched her nipples with his lips and sucked them tenderly. She let a tiny cry but no other reaction. He went lower. He played with her belly a bit and tried to slip his hand inside her panties. Suddenly, she hit him with her palm.

“Not there! It is forbidden, you shouldn’t touch it!”

“Why not, my love? We are married. You haven’t heard anything about marital duties?”

“I have. What are these?”

“Couples must have sex. Every day.”

"What is sex?"

"It's the whole process with the hugs and kisses. But mainly when the boy -he started using nicknames too- puts his willy inside the girl's flower."

"Oh my god! You want to put your willy in my flower, then?"

"Yes, I'd love that."

"But your willy is big; I don't think it will fit."

"How do you know it's big since you haven't seen it?"

"I assume."

"Would you like to see it?"

"If you promise that you won't bring it too close, then yes. But I will only see it."

"Ok."

He lowered his boxers. This game turned him on a lot and he was curious for its result. Moreover, knowing that Claire was also turned on, he wanted to see for how long she would last.

"It's funny. Is it always so erect?"

"Only when it sees pretty girls."

"And I am pretty?"

"The prettiest I've ever seen."

"Really?"

"Take my eyes and see."

"And what am I supposed to do now?"

"Whatever you want. You can fondle it, it really likes that. You can even kiss it or lick it like an ice cream."

"Why? Does it taste good?"

"That's what they say."

"Says who?"

"The pretty girls."

"Many pretty girls have seen it?"

"Plenty."

"And all these girls have fondled, kissed and licked it?"

"And more than that."

“What else?”

“They have put it in their flower and they liked it a lot. The prettier they were, the more they liked it.”

“And I will like it too?”

“Since you are the prettiest, you will like it the most. Why don’t you try it? Just try it and if you don’t like it, you can stop. No one will force you.”

“Ok, then, I’ll try it” she said and came closer.

She touched him hesitantly at first, then fondled him for a while, kissed and finally licked him. She must have been extremely stimulated because her underwear was dripping as if she had drenched it in water.

Suddenly, she pulled her panties aside and with a swift movement shafted it inside her.

“And since I’m so horny and I can’t wait any longer, I want you inside me!”

She was moving up and down fast and violently. The sensation was terrific. Her vagina, wet and delightfully warm, was opening and closing as she was moving up and down. Claire had an excellent technique; she could control her vagina’s muscles. It is something only women who haven’t given birth can do. Suddenly, while she was at her movement’s zenith, she got up.

“Take me on all fours, like a bitch. I want to feel you deeply inside me» she said imperatively.

Realizing what she wanted, he grabbed her almost violently and turned her around. With zero preparation, he thrust it inside her. He started spanking her at the same time, turning her butt red.

“Harder” she yelled. “Spank me harder. I’m a bad girl; I want to do this all the time. Harder, my love, harder!”

He quickened his pace. He was now forcing his way inside her and at the same time spanking her butt cheeks alternatively. It was pretty intense and he knew he wouldn’t last for long.

"I'm going to come, babe."

"I'm ahead of you. I'm coming, baby, I'm coming all the time."

She felt all her vaginal muscles tensing up and tighten around him. He couldn't hold on any longer. He removed it from inside her and prepared for his orgasm.

"In my mouth, baby. Come inside my mouth" she said and turned around abruptly.

He ejected a load of sperm directly in her mouth. Some of it dropped on her neck and breasts. She grabbed him and sucked it crazily. When she made sure there was no more, she started licking the remaining sperm on her body with voracity.

"Good stuff" she told him.

She leaned close to him and pierced her lips into his into a fixed wild kiss.

Then got up, went towards the camera, still naked and said:

"That was our wedding sex. Do you agree, my love?"

"One hundred per cent" he replied.

She turned off the camera and approached him.

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely."

She went to the balcony door. It was six o'clock in the morning and the first light of day was dawning.

"Darling, come see. The sun is rising. The eastern balcony has an excellent sea view. We have the opportunity to watch the sunrise. I usually sleep at that time. The sky is clear too."

She opened the balcony door and went out naked. Kostas followed her. It wasn't cold, but the spring breeze wasn't warm either.

"It's chilly out there, honey. You'll catch a cold. Put some clothes on, someone might see you!"

“Don’t worry; I’m not cold at all. I like this breeze. Now, if someone sees me, which I doubt it, since everyone is waking up late in this neighborhood, good for him. I’ll make his day. I’m a pretty sight, am I not?”

“Way too pretty.”

“Why are you sitting inside? Come out, let’s watch the sunrise together.”

“I’m kind of cold.”

“I know how to keep you warm. Come here.”

He joined her, still naked and aroused from all the sexual interaction. Claris was doing a great job.

“What do we have here! You are still horny, aren’t you? Me too. Come on, take me here. I’ve never done it in the balcony.”

She pulled him towards her, stood in the balcony railings and bulged her butt.

“What if someone see us?”

“I don’t give a fuck. This is my house and I can have sex whenever and wherever I want. If they don’t like it, they can turn away.”

She pulled him towards her again. He could still remember everything they had done. Without second thoughts, he went inside her.

He felt that familiar sensation of her vagina. He started moving in and out. Slower at first, then faster and faster. Claire wasn’t speaking, only moaning. Not even five minutes have passed when she said:

“Don’t stop, I’m coming again, I’m coming all the time.”

She was so loud that they probably heard her up to the beach.

He held as much as he could and then he came again after a while, on her back this time. Without asking, he went inside and brought some toilet paper to wipe off his sperm from her back. He also brought another kimono he found and wore it to her. He was already wearing his.

She looked at him with adoration.

“You are so sweet! How thoughtful and caring of you!”

She fell into his arms and stayed there. The sun was rising from the sea. The sight was stunning and breathtaking. There was a bamboo lounge next to him. He held her hand and they sat together on the big couch. They stood there, watching the sunrise.

Claire, Erica and Cleo

The Day After

The story of Claire, Erica, Cleo and Kostas is continued in the second book of this trilogy.

Claire, Erica and Cleo - The day after

The day after the wedding, finds them confronting new challenges. Unexpected events and twists, brings them up against with the real purpose of their existence.

Their contact with the “Visitors” in the frozen land of Switzerland becomes crucial for the continuation of their “upgraded” course.

Returning to Athens, they begin to lay the foundations for the “Renaissance” of Greece at first and then of all humanity.

Moreover, after the “shocking” revelations in the island of Santorini, their course obtain a “universal” nature.

Claire, Erica and Cleo

The Day After

An erotic, science fiction novel.